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AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Have you ever listened to a lark's song as he ascends, and as he again drops to the ground? Do so the next time you are in the fields, and try to discover for yourself the difference in the notes, so that you will be afterwards able to tell, with your eyes shut, if the lark is rising or descending. Mother Nature has so many secrets to tell us, if we will only listen to her. First of all, the lark sounds impatient, and when he is as near as he can get to his beautiful warm sun, he sings a quieter and a slower song, and as he falls down, his voice gets softer and softer, and often ceases altogether when half-way down, and then he drops as swiftly as an arrow to the ground. The nests are built of fine dry grass, and the eggs are a dull grey, thickly mottled, and banded with olive brown. Will anyone write me a little story of a cowslip and a lark?

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

OUR LITTLE COOKS.

Apple Compôte.—A compôte consists simply of fresh fruit boiled in syrup until it is cooked sufficiently, but has not lost either its original shape or colour. Take six or eight even-sized apples—American ones are the best for this dish, as they are firmer than cooking apples. Pare and core them very carefully without dividing them, keeping them as beautifully round as possible. Make a clear syrup by boiling together 6 oz. of loaf sugar, 1 pint of water, and a little of the rind of a fresh lemon thinly cut. When the syrup is boiling put in the apples and let them simmer gently, till they look soft, but they must not be allowed to fall. When done take the apples carefully out of the pan with a wooden spoon and place them nicely on a glass dish side by side. Leave the syrup to boil a few minutes longer, and let it cool

before it is poured into the dish. When the apples are quite cold place a piece of red currant jelly on the top of each apple. This makes a very pretty dish. It is well to make the "Apple Compôte" some hours before it is wanted, or even the day before.

Beef-tea.—Take a pound of lean, juicy meat, cut away every little bit of fat and bone, then cut the meat into very small pieces, put it into a jar and pour a pint of cold water over it. Let it stand for an hour or two, till the water is red and the meat white, turn all into a perfectly clean saucepan, place it on the fire and, just before it begins to simmer, skim it once carefully, put on the lid and simmer for about a quarter of an hour. Strain it through a coarse colander to keep back the meat only. When cold remove the fat, and stir the tea up before serving, as the sediment is the most nutritious portion; add salt to taste.

Don't boil clear soup. Let it simmer only, boiling clouds it.

Don't boil meat rapidly, as that hardens it.

Don't fry anything unless your fat is boiling, because so doing makes it sodden.

Don't forget that fat is not hot enough for frying until the flame rises.

MAY.

Continue to sow peas, also broad beans for late crops. Break off the tops of the peas now in bloom, to ensure the forming of the pods early. French beans may be sown in drills three inches deep and three feet separate. Those already up, and showing their second leaves, should be earthed up. Scarlet runners, as their name signifies, grow rapidly, and require more room; grown over high stakes or archways made of willow or other easily bent wood, they are very ornamental, and form excellent screens, and will keep on bearing till frost comes. Turnips and carrots for late crops may still be sown. Thin out and hoe those already well up. Sow also spinach and salading. Lettuces require a rich soil

with plenty of manure, mixed with soot. Thin out where too close together, and prick out where there is any vacant space. Lettuces might be tied up for blanching ten days at least before required for use. Asparagus should be cut this month, but each shoot carefully—never break or tear. Keep the bed free from weeds and sprinkle with a little salt. If the seakale has all been cut, uncover the pots and let the plants harden and go to seed. Strawberry plants, early this month, may have the rough litter removed, and a fresh dressing of withered leaves, mixed with a little soot between the rows, after all weeds and extra shoots have been removed, but care must be taken not to injure the young leaves or blossoms. Any cauliflowers that have withstood the severity of the Winter may now be planted out. Sow for late crop of pot herbs.

COMPETITIONS.

(These competitions are open to the children of all readers of the *Parents' Review*.)

The doll's sailor skirt will be taken in May, and must be sent on or before the 31st to Aunt Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley. Names and ages must be *sewn* on the garments. My Dollie's Wardrobe can be obtained from Vickers, The Grove, Ilkley for 1s. 3d., post free. Katie Park (7), Margaret King and Dorothy Gabain (9), sent the February work too late to be entered in the March list. Their garments were very well made.

Class I. Ages 11 to 15. Madge Allen (12), and Elsie Webb (12), have won the prize for flannel petticoats. Helen Lawrence-Lawrence (14), Winifred Tibbits (11), Winifred Grice (11), Lucy Newman (14), Iole MacDonnell (11), Daisie Mendham (13), Margaret Gregson (12), Cecilia Coote (11), Margaret Kendall (13), and Mayer Webb (11), have all sent good work.

Class II. Age 10 and under. Evelyn Powys (10), Eleanor Elder (7), Margaret Elder (7), and Dorothy Gabain (9), have won books.

The work done in this class is a great advance on that sent in last month. Very good garments are sent by Kathie

Parke (7), Joë Bellingham (8), Elsie Pope (8), Cecily Parke (6), Sybil Baker (8), Lucy Wilson (7), Ethelwyn Robertson (8), Gina Robertson, Winifred Dunthorne (9), Dorothy Ker, Dorothy Gervais (10), Hilda Newton (9), Dorothy F. Pumphrey (6), Barbara Gregson (10), Mabel Gardiner (10), Lettice Pumphrey (10), Rhoda Goddard (10), Natalie Newmann (10), Grace Lawrence-Lawrence, Myrtle Armstrong, Lorna Lawrence-Lawrence (8), Margaret Stable (8), M. King (8).

Prizes are sent to Charles Hall and Ernest Bird for cardboard Sloyd models.

A Prize is sent to Margaret Bulley for the best painting of the Queen of Hearts. Like Giotto, the artist leaves out the feet. Capital pictures have been sent by Faith Venables (12), Marguerite Dowding (14), Dorothy Rope (11), and a little niece who has not put her name on her drawing, but has sent one of the Knave and one of the Queen.

A Prize is sent to Lucy Scott Moncrieff (14), for the best Mother of Alfred.

A Prize is offered this month for the best brush drawing, illustrating our tale, "The Beck Farm Bogle."

A Prize is offered for the best dressed doll about three to four inches long, dressed as the wife of Richard III.

How many children can guess this puzzle?

My first is in lemon, but not in pip,
My second is in tongue, but not in lip;
My third is in cock, but not in wing,
My fourth is in cap, but not in sting.
My fifth is in fame, but not in woe,
My sixth is in friend, but not in foe;
My seventh is in hind, but not in doe,
My whole is a beast from an animal show.

J. M. CAMPBELL, 13.

LITTLE WORKERS' SOCIETY.

(Particulars are given in January).

The following children have joined since February:—Dorothy Sayer (10), Mary Coote (6), Dorothy and Ruth Gabain, B. Christine Ashwell (11), Elain A. Ashwell (8), and Dorothy Yeo (7).

OUR COT.

Mrs. Ewing tells us that in one year Mrs. Gatty, her mother, pleaded with the readers of "Aunt Judy's Magazine" the cause of the Hospital for sick children in Great Ormond Street. A large proportion of the gifts are in very small sums, and are credited under very quaint titles—the dog and cats of a family often appearing as subscribers. In 1872 £1,000 had been collected, and "Aunt Judy's Cot" for girls was endowed. Four years later another sum of £1,000 was collected, and a boy's cot founded. Let us strive to help the poor and suffering children of our day and generation, and may dear Aunt Judy's example and teaching still direct and guide us. Ten more subscribers of £1 are still needed to make up the £50 for the first year. The photograph of the cot cannot be put into the *Parents' Review* until the whole sum is promised. All particulars are given in the December number.

FRENCH RIDDLES.

I.

Je suis ce que je suis
Et je ne suis pas ce que je suis;
Si j'étais ce que je suis,
Je ne serois pas ce que je suis.

II.

Je suis Capitaine de vingt-quatre soldats,
Et sans moi Paris seroit pris.

CHARADE.

A prize for the best suggestions on how to play a charade, taking the word "Breakfast."

THE BECK FARM BOGLE.

By the Author of "Whispering Winds."

LITTLE lame Urith sat by herself in the kitchen of the Beck Farm. It wasn't often she was left alone, for, you see, she was a little weakly thing who only walked with a crutch, and mother and father and big sister Bessy and the three sturdy brothers were always trying which of them could take most care of her. And a very good thing it was for them to have her to care for, for it is the weak things in the world, the lame folks and the old folks, and the kittens and the babies, who keep our hearts from getting prickly. But this afternoon father and the boys were at work, and Bessy was marketing, and then in came a little village girl flying to say baby was in fits, and wouldn't leave off screaming, though sister Polly held her head downwards, and patted her back hard; and what could Urith's mother do but pop on her hood and run to keep them from killing the poor motherless thing between them. She thought Bess would be back directly, but Bess hadn't come, though the sky behind the moor was red with frosty sunset.

But Urith didn't mind; there weren't many things Urith did mind, she was such a happy little person. She sat by the fire and knitted, and sang to herself an old song that her great-great-grandmother sang before her, about how Lord Thomas and Faire Annet quarrelled, and Lord Thomas married the Nut-brown Bride, and the Nut-brown Bride stabbed Faire Annet with her bodkin, which didn't sound very dreadful, Urith thought, if the bodkin was no sharper than mother's.

But by-and-by she left off singing and started thinking. And she thought about father and mother and Bessy and the boys, and what made them so grave and so worried just now. She knew father was poorer than he used to be, for hadn't Bess nearly cried because there was no new frock for Urith this winter. It was such a pity they minded so, for what did Urith care? And what made them bar the door so carefully at night, and look so fearfully into the dark corners, and start when the wind howled in the chimney? If really

there was something the matter, why couldn't they all talk it out together, and see if it couldn't be mended? Just as she was thinking it over there came a knock at the door, and there was Kitty, a little girl from the next village, with a few flakes of snow on her red cloak.

"If you please, I've brought back the frying-pan, and mother's much obliged," she began, and then she stopped short, and exclaimed:

"Why, Urith, they haven't ever left you alone!"

"Why not?" said Urith, laughing, "Bess 'll be in directly and father and the boys to tea."

"Oh, I say, I should be scared clean to death if I was you," said Kitty, staring round the kitchen with frightened eyes, "I wouldn't be alone here for a hundred million golden pounds."

"Why not?" asked Urith again.

"Hav'n't they told you?" said Kitty, "Oh dear, perhaps I'd better not."

She meant to, all the time, but she thought it'd be grander to make a fuss about it first, so she went on:

"Well, you'll have to know some day. There's a bogle come to your house."

"What sort of one?" asked Urith, for all sorts of fairies and goblins are called bogles in that country.

"A most dreadful one," said Kitty solemnly, "he screamed after Uncle Jerry on the moor when we came home late after market. He had a long tail and no head."

"What did he scream with if he hadn't got a head?" asked Urith, mischievously.

"You can laugh now, if you like," said Kitty severely.

"I sha'n't stop laughing for the bogle," said Urith; "stay and have tea, Kitty, and if he comes we'll toast a cake for him."

But Kitty said her mother would be wanting her, and off she went, almost forgetting to say "good-bye." And on the way home she remarked to herself that it was a good thing folks felt differently about bogles.

But Urith was one of those happy people who had never been treated badly, nor treated anyone else badly in her little life, so she couldn't imagine anyone wanting to harm her or hers. And the chief thing in her mind, when she'd done

laughing over the way Kitty flew off, was whether she couldn't manage to have tea ready against the others came in cold and tired.

So she blew up the fire and set about filling the kettle, but the kettle, when it was full, was heavy, and Urith wasn't good at lifting heavy things, and, when she tried to get it on to the hob, she felt as if her back were breaking and her arms coming out, and down it went with a plump, and a wet star on the white hearth-stone. She was just going to try again when she heard a step behind her, and, without waiting to think who it could be, she said,

"Oh, do help me lift it on!"

Nobody answered, but a skinny arm was put over her shoulder, and the kettle was set on the fire.

And, when she turned round, there stood a queer, hairy figure, with a pair of very bright eyes peeping out of the tangled locks which hung over its face.

For a minute Urith and the stranger stared at each other, and then Urith's mouth broadened out into a beaming smile.

"Thank you so much," she said; "please, are you the bogle?"

"Yes," said the thing, looking very huffy, "I'm the bogle, of course, if I must be described in general terms. How would you like to be called 'the girl?'"

"Father calls me 'lass' often," said Urith; "what does it matter what folks call you if they love you?"

"Humph," said the bogle, perching itself on the edge of the dresser, "your family don't waste much affection on me. How would you like it, when you put your head in to pass the time of day, to have everyone run from you as if you'd got the mumps?"

Urith felt that the bogle had some cause to complain.

"You see," she said, "they didn't know how nice and kind you were."

"Whose fault was that, I'd like to know," said the bogle, playing catch with a plate.

"Well, let's get tea ready," said Urith, to change the subject.

"Right you are," said the bogle, slipping down.

"There's milk and butter in the dairy," said Urith, "and two cakes to toast. Will you toast or go the dairy?"

"Dairy," said the bogle, catching up a plate and a jug, and turning such cart-wheels that Urith trembled for the china.

However it came back, with the milk and butter quite safe, by the time she had split the cakes.

"I'll do that," it said, taking the toasting-fork out of her hand; "save your complexion, mine's past spoiling." And down it flopped on the hearth, close enough to burn the very eyes out of its shaggy head. It's manners certainly weren't polished, but it seemed to be good-natured, and Urith was so used to asking people for help that she saw nothing funny in getting tea ready with a bogle for kitchen-maid. So she took up brother Bob's stocking, and pulled her stool to the fire.

"How old are you, bogle?" she asked, for she didn't quite know whether to treat it as a child or a grown-up person.

"A thousand odd years or so," said the bogle carelessly, turning the cake, "I knew your great-great-grandmother well. She used to sing that song about Faire Annet and the bodkin like you do. I knew Faire Annet: she was touchy once and lived to repent it."

It was getting back to its old grievance, and Urith changed the subject again.

"You're wonderfully active for your time of life," she said pleasantly.

"Hill air, and milk diet," said the bogle. "Are these cakes going to be buttered?"

"Yes, of course," said Urith; "mother says it's a good thing we make our own butter, as we're rather poor just now."

"Humph!" ejaculated the bogle, "if people won't hold out their hands, blessings won't tumble into them."

It seemed rather hard to keep the bogle off delicate ground; Urith was trying to think of a remark when she smelt something burning.

"Bogle, she said, 'I'm sure your hair is singeing; do come a little further back.'"

"I sha'n't hurt," said the bogle, "I like a good warm, and they never leave the fire in when they go to bed."

Urith's tender little heart ached for the poor thousand-year old thing, left outside when they are all gathered round the

cosy hearth. She slipped off her stool on to the floor by its side.

"Dear," she said, "we'll always leave you a fire now, only don't wait till we go to bed. And, look here" she went on, "see bogle, dear, these stockings were for Bob, but he's got plenty and I'm sure they'd fit you. Wheeling yarn and double heels, and only three stitches to cast off. There you are, dear, see if they don't keep your poor toes warm."

The bogle didn't answer for a moment, then it stood up and slowly turned to Urith.

"Good-bye," it said, quite gently.

"You're not going!" cried Urith in dismay.

"Yes, I'm off," said the bogle, "we have to go as soon as we get paid."

"But I didn't mean to pay you," cried Urith in great distress, "it was only a present; please, please don't go."

The bogle stooped down and stroked Urith's hair.

"I think I shall come back one day," it said; "tell your father to lift up the kitchen hearth-stone, and look underneath it. Little Urith, wise little Urith, good-bye."

Urith flung her arms round the bogle's neck, and kissed it through the singed hair. Then it went away, with half a tea-cake in its pocket and the stockings over its arm.

And did it ever come back?

I don't know.

I know that when father and mother, and Bess, and the boys came in they found the kettle boiling, and the cakes toasted, and Urith looking up to greet them, and saying:

"Oh! here you are; the bogle and I have got tea ready."

And when they had exclaimed, and hugged her, and made sure she wasn't mad, and when, at last, she had persuaded them to lift up the hearth-stone, what should they find underneath but a heap of gold pieces.

Well, they didn't half like it at first, and talked about bogle gold bringing bad luck. But Urith begged and prayed, and got them to ask the parson, and the parson was a wise man, and bade them take what heaven sent and be thankful, and not pick holes in a good gift, for the house and its hearth-stone had belonged to their kin for hundreds of years.

And now the Beck Farm is the most prosperous in the whole

country-side, and some folks say it is the luck of fairy gold and some say the bogle was a good spirit in disguise, but father, and mother, and Bess, and the boys look at little Urith, knitting and singing by the fire, and thank heaven for the best of good gifts, a loving, trustful heart.

For folks run away from many a bogle, who, if they only gave him a cheery welcome and a tea-cake to toast, would help them with a right good will, and leave a blessing behind him.

MARY H. DEBENHAM.

"JACK AND JILL'S JOURNEY."

By Phæbe Allen, Author of "Playing at Botany," "Two Little Victims," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"Do you know," whispered Fun to Jill, when they met again in the gallery next day, "there's been a regular split in the root camp, and Messrs. Parsnip, Carrot and Beetroot have all taken themselves off the platform, and are sitting amongst their own people, glaring at the lecturer."

"But why have they quarrelled?" asked Jill, "they seemed very friendly yesterday."

"So they were," said Fun, "but they consider that the Turnip slighted them. You see they don't belong to his tribe, and are really only related to him in the way that all roots are related to each other, but they agreed to come as assistants to help to illustrate the different forms of roots, provided he was careful to specify that the Parsnip and Carrot belonged to the Umbrella tribe, and the Beetroot to the Goosefoot family. But when the Turnip had started on his own belongings, he quite forgot to mention his assistants' courtesy in coming to help him, and so enraged them that, after waiting all through the lecture for some special notice, they've returned to their own kindred in great wrath. But, hush! the Turnip's speaking."

"It was my intention," began the lecturer, "to speak solely of myself to-day, but I am told that Messrs. Parsnip, Carrot and Beetroot demand a public apology from me for

having neglected to state (which I now hasten to do), that the two former belong to the very worthy tribe of *Umbelliferae*, whose greatest ornament is the wicked poisoner Hemlock, and that the Beetroot comes from the sagacious family of *Goosefoot*. Allow me, gentlemen," he added, bowing with venomous suavity to his late allies, "to congratulate you publicly on your kinship with malefactors and Geese!"

"Hear, hear," came from the Pepperworts and Mustards, and a distinct "hissing" arose from the Goosefoot family, whilst the Turnip, having fired his spiteful volley, proceeded in a calmer tone "now to speak *only* of myself."

"On July 20th I was sown as a tiny seed—in *my* county turnips are always sown on S. Margaret's Day—and almost immediately I began to swell and grow, till very soon I peeped through the seed case, and like the one early-riser in a sleeping family, I was the first part of the plant to get out of bed. But instead of going up into the pleasant daylight, I travelled down into the dark earth, for I knew *my* duty is to live and toil (out of sight), and proceeded to fix myself in the ground. That done, I set about my next duty, namely, that of collecting all the food material from the soil necessary to feed the young plant. Now, just as animals feed on what grows on the ground, so we roots feed on what we find in the soil. For we don't take up merely water from the earth, but all kinds of salts, potash, soda, lime, sulphur and phosphorus besides, which all go to make food for the plant, just as flour and meat and eggs and milk are all used in cooking your dinners. Only, unlike animals, we cannot roam about and find fresh food, but are, as it were, tethered in one spot. So, we should soon use up all the food material near us, if we were not able to send out a number of little rootlets. You can see them standing out from my person," proceeded the Turnip, "like so many hairs, who, like busy merchants, run in all directions through the soil, picking up from every quarter all that is necessary for our support. I have specially hard work, for whereas many roots have only to supply the daily needs of the plant, I have to store up food for the winter's use. Look at my crown of leaves: they were fed by me, the root, all the winter through, and soon I shall have the flowers and seed too to support. But I wish

you would look at my slender root tips under a magnifying glass, for you would not only see the wonderful way in which it is made up of cells—like so many tiny rooms in a big building—but you would also see how each particular tip ends in a sheath, so that if in its food-seeking expeditions it runs against a sharp stone or even a large grain of sand, it may be protected. As these sheaths wear out, fresh ones are formed. Meanwhile the little cells work away, absorbing all they can from the soil, and then passing it back again through each other to the body of the root. Here the material undergoes a kind of straining. Everything that is good for the plant is taken charge of by my different cells. Some make starch, some sugar, some potash, and all contribute to the *sap*, which forms the life-blood of the plant, and of which you will hear more when you go 'stem-stalking.' But my rootlets have something more to do still: they have to carry back again into the soil all the refuse that the plant does not require."

"Oh, I say!" said a voice, "I should like to see what that refuse is like,"

"So you can," said the Turnip. "Sow some mustard seed on a slab of marble, which you have first covered with earth about half-an-inch deep, and after it has grown up a little, clear both cress and earth off the slab and then notice all the little grooves in the marble. You might almost think the rootlets had actually been growing there; but no, those queer markings are caused by the acid sap which they have passed back again into the soil after having used the best parts of it for their own needs. Ah! you who run about the world, dancing and skipping over our heads, never give a thought to all the crowd of busy workers, who are hidden away under ground down here in the big root valley, where all the baby leaves and flowers are first born. Both humans and cattle are such greedy things, that if you do notice my beautiful white fleshy root, you only think I grew like this on purpose for you to eat me, but I *didn't*. My real reason for storing up all this valuable food in my noble person was that my root might serve as a store-house of nourishment for my *leaves* during the first year of my life, and for my flowers and seed as well during the second. When the seed is ripe I die, having by that time wasted to a shadow, for by then the

stem will have carried away all my stores to nourish the rest of the plant; and if next year you come and pull me up, instead of my beautiful self of to-day, you will find nothing but a little shrivelled root, half the size of your little finger, a mere whitey-brown ghost of your striking-looking lecturer of this morning." At this point the speaker was apparently so overcome that he sank back, and the watercresses grew moist with emotion. Indeed, he looked so pathetic that Jill felt inclined to cry, only Queen Fancy appeared just then.

"Here's a story from South Germany," said the Fairy. "There was once a peasant, who having sown his field with turnips, hoped to grow rich on them. But one evening as he left his field, a little black man with a fiery torch followed him. 'Who are you, and what do you want?' asked the peasant, but now he saw it was a wicked fairy. 'Never mind who I am,' was the answer, 'but I'll tell you what I want: one half of what grows in your field, and if you don't promise to give it me, I'll set fire to your house and garden, and all you have.' At first the peasant felt sad, then he replied, 'Agreed; you shall have what grows above ground, and I'll have all that grows underground.' 'Good,' said the imp, 'but mind you keep your word.' 'No fear!' said the peasant, laughing slyly. So when the time came, the bad fairy came too, and stamped his wicked feet and ground his spiteful little teeth, because his share was only green turnip tops! 'I'll be even with you,' he cried, 'Next year, I'll have all that grows underground, and *you* shall have what grows above.' 'Good,' said the peasant, and laughed again. For after stacking his turnips, he sowed a fine crop of wheat, so that when the imp returned he was worse off than before. 'There's your share,' said the peasant, pointing to the useless roots, whilst he loaded his waggon with golden grain. 'Well, are you satisfied now?' 'Wait a bit, I'll be even with you *still*,' cried the enraged fairy, 'next year, I will have all that grows above *and* underground.' 'Good,' said the peasant, and laughed more heartily than ever. For now the year had come round when the field was always left fallow, so that rank weeds fell to the fairy's lot, when he came back for the third time. So he gave up tormenting the peasant any more, and the latter began to sow his turnips again."

"I like that story," whispered Jill, but Fun was on the move.

"We must be up and off," he said, "for we've all overstayed our time."

But Matter-of-Fact, instead of listening to the fairy's story, had been writing his questions. And here they are:

QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. To what tribes do the Parsnip, Carrot and Beetroot belong?
2. To what famous malefactor are the two former related?
3. What was the Turnip's first step on leaving his seed case?
4. What kind of food do roots take up from the soil?
5. What are the use of the little hairs which stand out from the fleshy root of the Turnip?
6. Why has the Turnip harder work than some roots?

The following new members have joined us this month,—Faith Venables and Clare Pelly.

Answers have been received from the following members, and marks awarded to them as follows:—

Div. I. Jessie Vickars (5), Joan Campion (6), Margaret Bulley (6), Susan Venables (4), Harry Ward (4), May Lewis (4), Winifred Grice (6), M. C. Ashwell (3), E. M. Ashwell (3), Faith Venables (6), Edith Fraser (4), Alexander Colles (5), Eileen Colles (5). *Div. II.* Phyllis Murray (6), Esmé Graham Watson (5), Maud Vickers (4), Edith Samuel (4), Rhoda Goddard (4), Clare Pelly (6), Liliass Summers (5), Cicely de Fréville (6), Georgina Smith (4), Vera Dawson (6), Dorothea Steinthal (6), Grace Lawrence Lawrence (5), Lettice Pumphrey (5), Meta Colles (5), Dorothy Senior (4), Iole Mac Donnell (5). *Div. III.* Marjorie Halford (5), Janet Brooke (6), Dorothy Mayall (6), Emily Vickers (4), Jack Vickers (4), Audrey de Fréville (6), Dorothy Yeo (6), Kathleen Sandbach (6), Hester Sandbach (6), Jessie Smith (4), Hubert Fraser (5), Esther McNeill (4), Cicely Forster (5), Kathleen Colles (6), Lorna Lawrence Lawrence (4), Daisy Armstrong (3).

P.N.E.U. NOTES.

Edited by HENRY PERRIN, *Hon. Org. Sec.*
8, Carlton Hill, N.W.

To whom Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 30 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.

Chairman of Committee: Dr. A. T. Schofield. *Vice-Chairman:* Algernon C. P. Coote, Esq., M.A. *Hon. Org. Sec.:* Henry Perrin, Esq. *Secretary:* Miss Paterson. Pamphlets giving full particulars of the work of the Union, and the *Parents' Review* (6d. monthly), the organ of the Society, may be obtained from the Secretary, 28, Victoria Street, S.W., to whom all subscriptions and communications should be sent.

BELGRAVIA BRANCH.—*Sec.:* Miss Paterson, 28, Victoria Street, S.W. *Treasurer:* Mrs. Hallam Murray. On March 28th, a lecture was given by Miss Julia Wedgwood on "Maternal Self-sacrifice, True and False," the Lady Katherine Drummond in the chair. The next lecture will be given on May 21st, at 74, Eaton Square, on "The Parents' Part in the Religious Training of Boys," by the Rev. F. B. Westcott, Headmaster of Sherborne School. The postponed course of lectures on "Plant Life" will be given at the Natural History Museum (Botanical section), Cromwell Road, by Miss Shackleton, at 11.30 on Wednesdays, May 1st, 8th, 15th and 22nd. Fee for the course, 7s. 6d. Arrangements are being made for a course of six lessons in "Cardboard Slöyd," to be given by Miss Kefford, on Saturday afternoons from 2.45 to 4.45 p.m., at the Church of England High School in Graham Street (kindly lent for this purpose by Miss Wolseley Lewis). Fee for the course, 7s. 6d.

HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. E. L. Franklin, 9, Pembridge Gardens, W. *April 4th.* Mr. Howard Swan gave a most interesting demonstration lesson on "The Gouin System of Language Teaching," at 9, Lancaster Gate (by the kindness of Mrs. Stanley). It was followed by a lively discussion in which several ladies and gentlemen took part. *May 8th.* Mrs. Francis Steinthal will give a demonstration lesson on "Clay Modelling" at 18, Radnor Place (by the kindness of Lady Hogg). Miss Helen Webb, M.B., will occupy the chair, at 5 o'clock. Tea and Coffee, 4.30. *May 30th.* Prof. Armstrong, F.R.S., will give a lecture at 17, Pembridge Square (by the kindness of Dr. Gladstone, F.R.S.), on the "Scientific Teaching of Children," at 8.30. The following courses have been arranged, particulars of which can be had from Mrs. Franklin, Hon. Sec., who is at home at 9, Pembridge Gardens, on Thursday mornings:—Outdoor Natural History lessons to children, on Wednesdays and Saturdays; six lessons to adults by Mr. Howard Swan, on "The Gouin System," on Tuesday and Friday mornings at 11.30, commencing May 14th. Cricket for girls and boys under twelve has been arranged for Mondays and Thursdays, and for older girls on Mondays and Wednesdays.

HAMPSTEAD AND ST. JOHN'S WOOD BRANCH.—*Hon. Sec.:* Mrs. C. Herbert-Smith, The Retreat, North End.—On March 20th, a meeting was held at 6, Rosslyn Hill, by the kind permission of Mrs. Blyth.